Made To Suffer

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Made To Suffer

by BoyOneder

Summary

Hannibal is Tate's psychiatrist and they talk about many things during their sessions together. The main topic of conversation being Will Graham.

Notes

This crossover was begging me to be written... and here we are...

As stated in the tags above, this story contains graphic violence and rape and shouldn't be taken lightly. This isn't a happy story and as much as I hate to see Will suffer it's practically inescapable. That being said, **please tread with caution.**

Chapter 1

"How did you first meet Will Graham?" Hannibal asks during their fourth session.

"It wasn't a formal meeting if that's what you mean. I saw him coming out of your office last week just before my appointment," Tate tells him as he fidgets with the hem of his long sleeve, staring at the floor. "At first I wanted to engage him. Talk to him. But I didn't."

"Why didn't you?" Hannibal presses.

He leans back in his chair to gauge the troubled young boy's body language. Tate's eyes shift a lot, suggesting deception, but Hannibal has found the kid to be quite charismatic. Hannibal can pick up on Tate's type right away and if Hannibal wasn't as observant as he was, then he's sure Tate could've knocked him for a loop.

"He left quickly before I could say a word. Seemed to be in quite the hurry..." Tate trails off, getting lost in his thoughts for a moment as he pictures that day in his mind. Tate sighs and shakes his head. "I couldn't think of anything to say, anyway. All I could do was stand there in awe of his presence. Watching him walk away long after he was gone."

"Are you saying that the mere sight of Will left you speechless?" Hannibal inquires with a curious lilt in his tone.

"Yes. Very, very much," Tate admits, unabashed. "The first thing I noticed about him were his eyes, even though he tried to hide behind his glasses. I could still see how haunted they looked. All the anguish and beauty they held. It felt like I was slowly drowning in the blue of them."

"As if you had found yourself falling in love with him?" Hannibal presses further.

Tate seems to consider this, shifting his gaze from the spot on the floor directly in front of him towards Hannibal's feet. He scrunches his brows under his slightly frazzled head of hair and was about to nod his head when he stops in mid motion. Tate grimaces at the thought of love, but doesn't reject it altogether.

"Most people who use that word don't mean it," Tate goes on to say instead, biting the inside of his cheek.

There's no comfort to be found in this answer and Hannibal is perhaps a little displeased. Tate's deflecting a question he definitely knows the answer to and it secretly makes Hannibal's blood run even colder. To think that he could ever lose Will to a kid like Tate. Will *is* Hannibal's, even if Will doesn't know it yet.

"You seem to have a very big issue with dishonesty," Hannibal points out, noticing a change in Tate's expression.

"It's *disgusting*," Tate spits with distaste. Not at Hannibal directly, but at the mention of the word.

"Are you afraid that Will might have been dishonest with you? Is that why you didn't engage him in conversation?"

"I don't know. Maybe?" Tate got this sad, lost puppy expression on his face with his doe eyes drooping down a fraction as if he might cry. "I'm afraid of getting too close and seeing people for who they really are. I guess I didn't want to encourage the possibility of Will being the same."

"A predator doesn't hunt knowing what it's prey will be. It hunts solely for the thrill of the chase," Hannibal explains, offering some kind of an analogy the kid could understand.

Hannibal folds his hands together leans towards Tate. This prompts Tate to look up at Hannibal with his depthless eyes that pierce right through him with such darkness. He's seems to have made up his mind about the whole thing and Hannibal waits patiently to hear Tate's decision. Hannibal feels a little uneasy for encouraging Tate to pursue Will, mostly out of jealousy, but he's curious to see how this progresses.

"Suppose you're right," Tate replies slowly. He cautiously scans Hannibal's face, suspicious. "How do I know the chase is worth it?"

"Will is a good man, if not a little troubled. He keeps things to himself, even from me, but secrets don't make a person dishonest," Hannibal responds, unwavering even as his eye twitches just slightly. "Will is worth the hunt."

Tate doesn't respond to this, having found what he wanted to hear. They spend the rest of Tate's hour talking about random things on his mind, but Hannibal knows where the boy's mind drifts to the most. He knows what thought is on the tip of his tongue and it slowly eats away at Hannibal for the rest of their session.

Right now Tate is picturing what he'd do to Will, Hannibal assumes. After all, the kid is seventeen and sex is more than likely on his mind at the moment, especially if it's bent over Will. Will is undoubtedly a handsome man and something would seriously be wrong with Tate if he *wasn't* fantasizing about him.

A few weeks pass and even more sessions later, Hannibal finds himself sitting across from Tate once again. The kid stares at him with a soulless gaze, entrancing Hannibal into the dark black pools of his eyes. It's unsettling how Tate manages to get under his skin with the smallest of quirks. Hannibal imagines this to be because of the audacious attempt of Tate trying to integrate himself into Will's life.

Tate was a deeply disturbed kid, Hannibal soon realized. This didn't come as some big revelation, however, since Tate showed all the warning signs prior to this particular visit. It seemed Tate's obsession with Will Graham had started to take a turn for the bizarre in the recent weeks and Hannibal had admit to himself that it wasn't just an odd case of infatuation.

This thought burrows it's way into Hannibal's brain as Tate just sits there in silence without uttering a single word. It's been nearly five minutes and Hannibal doesn't know what Tate is getting out of this muted conversation of stares and subtle body language. Hannibal almost wants to say something, to make Tate's hour productive instead of whatever *this* is, but refrains from it for some reason.

"I had a really good week," Tate finally says during their seventh session. He lets a faint smile flit across his face briefly.

"That's tremendous to hear, Tate," Hannibal offers in his most friendly voice to congratulate the boy.

There's a pause and Tate furrows his eyebrows a little when Hannibal doesn't go on to say anything else regarding the news. Hannibal hates the way Tate sets up obvious cues to bait him into curiosity.

"Aren't you going to ask me what I did?" Tate inquires with an almost mischievous undertone.

"If you feel comfortable sharing it with me, yes," Hannibal replies.

"I saw Will this week," Tate tells Hannibal, leaving his suspense behind.

"And how did that go?" Hannibal asks, trying not to let his curiosity or jealousy get the better of him. "Did you get the chance to talk to him?"

"Not yet. I've just been watching him and biding my time," Tate alludes with a cryptic lilt.

Hannibal tilts his head slightly and lets his eyes drift down towards Tate's lap, noting the way he idly picks at his thumb nail. Hannibal watches Tate bring that same nail up to his mouth to gnaw on it, not out of nervousness but impatience. The vague remark makes Hannibal's stomach turn at the inclination but equally curious as to how far this obsession with Will was going to go.

"I follow him around whenever I can. To the store, to his class, even listening in on his lectures sometimes. I find him here more often than other places, though," Tate discerns, giving Hannibal a quizzical look that borders on suspicion. "I don't believe it's always appointments either."

"They're not," Hannibal states, matter-of-fact, though he hates how Tate makes it sound even when it's the desired effect Hannibal wants. "Will and I have a professional relationship. I help consult on cases with him. Give him a nudge in the right direction, so to speak. I also have a deep seeded fascination about him, no different from yours. Except my methods are more... *ethical*."

"They may be ethical, but that doesn't necessarily make it any better than how I gather information," Tate informs, challenging Hannibal ever so slyly to fight over Will.

"Do you ever desire Will sexually? Fantasize what you would do with him?" Hannibal asks, changing the subject before he murders this kid himself.

"You mean, what I'd do *to* him," Tate rephrases, turning it to sound more dark than it should. Tate shrugs, looking off to the side to eye a painting on the wall briefly. "Sure I have. Plenty of times."

In fact, Tate jerked off picturing it last night. He fantasized about making Will struggle until the fight left his body entirely and then Tate got to the real fun. He raked his chewed nails down Will's chest to make him flinch and pull against his binds, leaving fading welts in his wake and there wasn't a preamble.

Tate didn't waste time trying to prepare Will. In Tate's fantasy he just takes Will in his entirety, thrusting himself harshly into Will's yielding body to claim him as his own. Tate can practically hear the noises Will would undoubtedly make during the rough violation as he's fucked into next week. Occasionally, Tate likes to imagine biting viciously into his skin to leave suck bruises behind as a souvenir for Will.

"Do you imagine him as your lover?" Hannibal presses, feeling an overwhelming wave of envy cascade over his being.

"Not in the traditional sense. I see Will as something to be discovered and then destroyed. Like an industrious village to be pillaged."

Tate gets this amused little smirk on his face and resigns to shaking his head just at how twisted he sounds. The feelings he had for Will were confusing as hell. One moment he wants to make Will his and be oh so gentle with him and then the next moment he wants to utterly ravage the man. There is no in between. Though, he can admit to being more drawn to violence than intimacy.

"I see Will as a victim in the making."

"And, in your fantasies, how do you ensure Will as your victim?"

"By making him suffer. How else?" Tate inquires. "Men like Will were made to suffer. How pretty would he look drenched in panic? Marred with cuts and bruises all over that body. Fucking fantastic. Only then would he look truly beautiful."

He almost sounds as if he's done this before and it gets Hannibal's mind whirring with so many questions. Hannibal doesn't know what to ask the kid or even how to begin to phrase it, because the thought of it paralyzes him. Eventually, Hannibal musters up the vocal stamina to ask one question on his mind.

"Do you ever think about killing him?" Hannibal questions then, engrossed with Tate now.

"Hell no," Tate answers immediately, sounding disgusted by just the mention of it.

That puts Hannibal at some ease, though. Will is Hannibal's and if the time for Will to stop breathing comes, it'll be by Hannibal's hands and no others.

"Just wanna make him bleed and scream. Maybe tie him down by his wrists so he can't get away or fight back, and he *would* fight," Tate states with a tiny smirk, thinking of all the ways Will would beg for him to stop. "Especially if I were to wrap my hands around that neck of his and choke him to near unconsciousness. Will might even like it. He seems like the masochistic type, doesn't he?"

Hannibal wants to say no but knowing how hard Jack and him push Will, including Will himself, Hannibal would be lying. Will always had a penchant for abusing himself as well as letting others do so too. He opts to say nothing on the matter whatsoever because he doesn't trust himself to condone Tate's statements. Then again, Hannibal is also intrigued by them in a purely sadistic way.

"I bet he's a virgin too. Can you imagine how tight he would be?" Tate hums with amusement, fidgeting in his chair to conceal his arousal just at the mention of if.

Yes, Hannibal can imagine how tight Will would be, virgin or not. Hannibal can see Will not being a virgin in that particular department, so much as inexperienced.

"What Will would look like all tied up and squirming to free himself as I fuck him harshly into his mattress. All those strangled moans and sobs..." Tate gets lost in his own thoughts for a moment, trying not to palm his erection in front of Hannibal. "Will would cry out and scream, but no one would hear it and his pleas would go unacknowledged."

Hannibal is absolutely taken aback by the blonde's boldness and depiction of varying degrees of violence, as well as implying rape. And yet... Hannibal doesn't want Tate to stop explaining all the ways he'd break Will Graham because, as much as he hates to admit it, Hannibal quite enjoys hearing it. All jealousy put aside, Hannibal likes the way Tate thinks.

"I'd take him apart piece by piece."

Tate unconsciously bites his lip as images of Will dance across his mind, painted in bold and vivid strokes. Hannibal looks down at his watch, noticing Tate's appointment is just about over. And Hannibal is perhaps a little relieved by this or else he'd be listening to Tate all night.

"I'm afraid our hour is up," Hannibal announces, clearing his throat to muster up some kind of resolve.

"Already? In that case I better get going," Tate responds.

He stands up and walks over towards Hannibal to shake his hand in appreciation, grinning deviously.

"I have big plans for him, Dr. Lecter," Tate informs, hinting at something bigger. "And tonight, when I follow him home, I'm gonna show him everything I told you. And more."

They let go of each other's hands and Tate wastes no time in vacating Hannibal's office for his next patient. The door clicks and Hannibal is left sitting there with an ultimatum. Tate has basically informed Hannibal that he plans on assaulting Will in his own home in just a few

hours. This admission could be taken lightly if it weren't for Hannibal's keen sense of observation. Tate seems like the type to follow through on his word.

Hannibal looks down at his watch once again, noting he has a few minutes before Franklyn shows up, and rises out of his chair to stride over towards his desk. He circles around and picks the phone up off of the receiver, punching in Will's number by memory hastily. The phone starts to ring and this goes on for a moment until Will finally picks up.

"Hello, Will," Hannibal greets.

"Oh, Dr. Lecter," Will acknowledges instantly from the other end. He sounds almost pleasantly surprised. "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"There's something I have to tell you," Hannibal proclaims solemnly.

"What it is?" Will inquires slowly, detecting a hint of worry in Hannibal's tone.

Hannibal goes to open his mouth and hesitates just before the syllables can leave his throat, making the silence on the other end stretch. He glances at the time. Franklyn will be here any minute now, but still enough time to warn Will...

"You know what? I've completely forgotten," Hannibal lies, setting his decision in stone. "I'm so sorry."

"It's okay," Will tells him. "You can always call me later if the thought comes back to you."

"I *could*."

"Well, I got to go. I have one more class. Goodbye, Dr. Lecter," Will concludes before he hangs up.

Hannibal is left with a dial tone and he continues to hold the phone up to his ear until he drops his hand down and sets it back on the receiver. Hannibal knows what Tate is going to do to Will and he still has the power to stop it. He could still call Jack and warn him that Will might be sexually assaulted tonight and to send a unit down to Wolf Trap to apprehend the disturbed, young man. But he doesn't.

After all, Hannibal is curious of how Will's mind might cope after being psychologically scarred in such a scenario.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Still no "sex, sex", more of a build up to next chapter, but people wanted me to continue so here we are! I'll probably do one more chapter after this one, so just a head's up!
>
> I've decided to put more depth to the story (so to speak) and included some of Tate's past *exploits* as far as crimes go. Also, I gave Patrick (American Horror Story) a last name since he didn't have one in the show.

Will hung up the phone, finding it odd that Hannibal would call him in class, and concerned at the same time. Hannibal hadn't sounded particularly worried but there was something in his voice that sounded a little off to Will. Maybe it was just because Hannibal forgot what he was going to say, either way Will wasn't able to dwell on it for too long. He had another class coming in soon and after that he was going home.

Today had been exceptionally exhausting for Will, seeing as how he got little sleep the night prior because of a case Jack had him working. Will wasn't about to come right out and blame Jack for his restless nights, after all it was Will's prerogative to take the case. He could've said no, but that would be letting down Jack and that was something Will hated doing. He just hoped he would be able to sleep pleasantly tonight.

Eventually, the next wave of trainees came flooding into his class as he prepared for the lesson. He'd been educating students all day about a series of murders and sexual assaults perpetrated by an unknown subject who was still at large. Not much was known about the unsub aside from the fact that it was a young man in his late teens to early twenties and that he wore a full-body rubber fetish suit while he committed his crimes.

It was a case Jack had tried, in vain, to get Will to work on but something that Will would rather not delve into right now. Will needed a break which is why he was resorting to teaching the case to others instead. It was a lot easier to recite the atrocities rather than to actually have to think about them for extended amounts of time.

Will stood in front of his desk, leaning against it casually as he waited for everyone to get situated before rolling on the projector. In that instance, all eyes were fixed on the picture displayed against the transparency sheet. Will looked around, waiting for everyone to pay attention, and pushed himself off of his desk so he could begin his lecture.

"The subject we'll be reviewing tonight is a newer case that is currently under investigation," Will states, walking idly around the room. "Not much is known about the unsub. He is presumably in his late teens or early twenties and extremely anti-social with borderline sociopathic tendencies."

He clicks a button on his projector remote, prompting the pictures and general information about the two men to appear on screen. They were relatively young men, seemingly happy in their documented pictures, and appeared to be quite healthy for that matter.

"Our first victims are Chad Warwick and his lover Patrick Shaw. On Halloween night, Chad Warwick and Patrick Shaw were found in their home in what the police believed was a murder-suicide," Will recites, pronouncing each word loud and clear. "Recent evidence however suggests that this was a mere cover up to conceal the fact that they were both brutally murdered."

A series of crime scene photos popped up, depicting the murder scene in various angles with marked evidence as well as a fire iron covered in blood and bits of torn skin on the sharp end.

"Police have deduced that Mr. Warwick was drowned, finding trace amounts of water in his lungs, but this was not his immediate cause of death. As Chad was rendered unconscious, the unsub proceeded to attack Mr. Shaw, beating him to death with a fire iron. Soon after, Mr. Shaw was then sodomized by the murder weapon and both men were taken down into the basement where they were both shot and killed indefinitely."

Will shows the next slide after pausing briefly for dramatic effect. The picture was of both of the men sprawled out across the floor in what could be presumed as the basement. Will spares a brief glance towards the screen, seeing what the trainees were seeing, but feeling nothing. Will is too immune to such displays of violence by now.

"The gun, as seen above, was then placed in Chad Warwick's hand, suggesting the murder-suicide theory," Will goes on to say, gesturing towards the projection. "This has been ruled out, however, as this gun was used in a high school shooting a week prior."

The next slides are graphic snapshots taken of over a dozen students with various backgrounds and upbringings. Will cycles through them as he explains their demise.

"On October twenty-fourth, fifteen students were gunned down in Westfield High's library. They were all executed with the same weapon with the exception of three who bled out from their wounds. It's believed that the same man who murdered Mr. Warwick and Mr. Shaw had attended Westfield High at some point. Unfortunately, there have been no eyewitnesses to back up this claim. Which brings us to our most recent victim."

Just then, a picture of a woman in her early forties pops up on the screen.

"Vivien Harmon," Will says, raising his hand towards her headshot as if to present her. "Mother of Violet Harmon and wife of Ben Harmon. She was sexually assaulted in her home recently by the same man who murdered Chad Warwick and Patrick Shaw. How do we know this? What clue ties these two particular crimes together?"

Will looks around the classroom, searching for someone bold enough to answer his questions even when they were mostly rhetorical. Will clicks the next button on his remote and a picture of a BDSM-style suit appears on the transparency sheet. It wasn't the *actual* suit, so much as a reference.

"Vivien claims that during the assault, her aggressor was wearing a suit similar to this one. This same exact suit was purchased by Chad Warwick a month ago at a local fetish shop, but was no where to be found when the police searched his home," Will explains, taking off his glasses and gesturing with them towards the projection. "There is no question that this is the same suit."

The lights come back on and Will shuts off the projector with his remote and sets it down on his desk. He rubs the corners of his eyes incessantly as they adjust back to the brightness of fluorescents. Will leans back against his desk with his hands braced on the wooden surface behind him.

"The unsub has since then been called *The Rubber Man*, as he dons a BDSM personality to commit his crimes as a means of concealing his true identity," Will tells the class, addressing no one in particular. "It's been speculated that he has Dissociative Identity Disorder and that this dominant persona is to disguise the fact that he, himself, is powerless in his normal life."

"You said he has sociopathic tendencies," one student pipes up. "What does that mean, exactly?"

"It means that he can sometimes portray certain behaviors that are often associated with that personality disorder, but he's not a textbook sociopath. He is extremely protective over those close to him in everyday life but he isn't capable of feeling any guilt or remorse for the crimes he commits," Will explains, addressing the young woman. He turns to the rest of the class. "He may find it difficult to express deep feelings, especially with someone he loves. He will most likely be possessive of that person as well."

Will lets his words stop short, getting the feeling of having eyes on him other than the students in his room. He lets his gaze drift towards the open door of his classroom, noticing the dark outline of someone watching and listening. Will isn't sure who it is or if they're even there, but the person makes Will feel anxious nonetheless. Will shakes his head.

I'm just exhausted, Will tells himself, turning his attention back towards the class.

The rest of his lecture goes by rather smoothly but Will continues to spare a few glances towards the door occasionally. The person isn't there anymore but Will can still feel their presence watching him. He knows he's being paranoid and if he appears more twitchy than usual, none of the trainees seem to have the guts to ask him if he's okay.

When the lecture is finally over and all the students clear out of the room, Will is left by himself to pack up his things into his side pack. He moves swiftly so he doesn't have to run into Jack, fearing that the man would try and persuade him into sticking around for just a little while longer. He wasn't one for avoiding Jack, but he felt compelled to as of late.

Will just wanted to go home, pet his dogs, and relax with a shot of whiskey or two. A hot bath didn't sound too bad either, seeing as how it would help lull him to sleep, but that would have to wait until tomorrow when he wasn't feeling as sluggish. For now whiskey would have to be enough to do the trick.

After Will had everything he needed packed up, he left his classroom and made his way out of building and to his car. He was practically speeding walking by the time he came out of the entrance. Again, as Will trotted over towards his car, he could feel eyes on him like the ones from earlier, but that wasn't of concern anymore. All he had to do was hop into his car and go home.

The drive to Wolf Trap is nice and silent with the sound of tires moving across asphalt and the soft hum of his heater. He usually didn't like listening to music on his way home, preferring the natural sounds of the night more than whatever single was hot at the moment. The only thing that would complete him right now was a beverage, preferably hot, like cocoa.

Will drums his fingers on the steering wheel in a random series of taps, replicating something vague of an actual song. He thought about Hannibal and what possible reason he'd have to call him, but the answer eluded Will. Hannibal seldom forgot things, especially things that concerned Will, which is why it puzzled him so.

The thought stuck with him until he pulled onto the dirt road leading to his quaint little slice of paradise. It was late when Will finally got home, usually later than most tines, but not entirely unheard of. It had been a long day after all. He parked his car, hopping out and treading through the dark up to his porch. The porchlight blinked on when he came close, illuminating the inside of his house to see his dogs moving around restlessly for their master.

Will is mobbed by his *family* the second he walks in and goes to pet each and every one of them briefly before closing the door. He flicks on the light so he doesn't go through the trouble of stumbling over his dogs and sets his things down. He slides off his jacket and hangs it up on the coat rack before walking over to his collection of liquor.

He chooses something dark and with an extra kick, pouring a desired amount into a glass before capping the bottle and taking it over to his armchair. Will settles into the plush chair, setting his drink down so he can bend down and take his shoes off. He reclines back and sips on his glass of whiskey and, as an after thought, idly pets Winston on the head.

His other dogs have gone to lay down by the fireplace but Winston sits next to him, panting obediently and craving Will's attention. Will scratches behind Winston's ears with a lazy smile, downing the rest of his whiskey when there's a knock at his door. Will is snapped out of his reverie and sets his glass down, making a *tsst* noise at Winston and telling him to go lay down and behave himself.

Will makes his way over towards the door, noticing a young man standing on his porch with his arms wrapped around him. He has blonde hair and he's rather pale, shivering slightly despite wearing a striped long sleeve shirt. Will hesitates a moment before summoning up the decency to see what the young man wants.

"May I help you?" Will asks promptly, eying the boy up and down.

"My car broke down up the road a ways and I haven't been able to get a signal on my phone," the boy tells him, looking meek and timid. "Do you have a phone I could possibly use?"

Will considers it for a moment, deciding whether or not he should let this kid in. Will hadn't seen any cars his whole trip home, but perhaps it happened just now?

"Sure. Come inside," Will relents, stepping aside to let the boy in.

He looks around outside haphazardly before shutting the door and turning towards his unexpected guest. The boy is sizing up the place, letting his eyes drift all over the things occupying this particular space. The dogs mind their owner at the sound of another *tsst* and lay down instead of swarming the young man.

"I didn't catch your name," Will says after a few seconds, causing the boy to turn around.

"Tate," he replies.

"I'm Will."

Tate stares at Will with such intensity, bewitching the older man with the depthlessness of his dark eyes. Will licks his damp lips out of anxiousness, tasting faint traces of whiskey. There's something about Tate that seems to allure him and Will has to swallow down the urge to question it more thoroughly.

"The landline is just over there by the desk," Will informs, pointing in the general direction.

"Thank you," Tate mumbles monotonically.

Tate looks Will up and down with a hooded expression before walking over to the phone. Will pours himself another drink then goes back to sit down in his armchair, being wary to watch everything that Tate does just to be safe. He can hear Tate pressing the keypad for his desired number and takes note of the little glance Tate gives him over his shoulder.

The boy presses the phone up to his ear as the call goes through and promptly starts to talk to someone. Will sips on his whiskey and pretends not to watch as Tate pretends to talk to someone on the other end. The number he dialed didn't exist and Will is none the wiser about the fact. For all Will knows, Tate is talking to his mother to come and pick him up. Of course, this is all a lie.

Tate hangs up after having a brief *conversation* with his "mother", telling her where he is, before turning back to Will with an expectant face. He slowly walks back over towards Will, loving the way the man stares at every little movement he makes. He's aware that Will isn't watching him like that because he desires him, but Tate sure likes to fantasize.

"My mom should be here within the hour," Tate notifies, stopping in front of Will. He puts on his best puppy face, letting his eyes droop a little. "I'll just be heading back to my car now. Thank you for letting me use your phone..."

"You can wait here," Will gushes before he can stop himself, feeling a tad guilty if he leaves the boy out in the cold. "It's freezing outside. It'll be better if you waited here."

"Okay," Tate agrees. He takes a seat in the other armchair next to Will's and smiles bashfully at him. "Thank you, Will."

They sit there in comfortable silence for a few long minutes, appreciating the subtle company of each other. Will can see Tate fidgeting out of the corner of his eye, toying with his sleeve and pulling on threads. He seems antsy for some reason, but Will figures it's just because Tate is eager to go home. Still, Will feels the need to take the edge off a little.

"So, what do you think is wrong with your car?" Will inquires, taking a sip from his glass.

"What isn't wrong with it?" Tate quips, chuckling softly. "My car is pretty old, so it can be any number of things. The temperature devastates it, especially the cold."

"What were you doing all the way out here anyway?" Will goes on to ask, genuinely curious.

"I was coming home from a lecture," Tate states, peering directly into Will's eyes.

"Oh," is all Will can say, clearly at a loss for words.

Will tries to occupy himself with his drink until he finishes it and there is nothing left to swallow. He grips the glass in his hand to the point where he thinks it might shatter from the pressure, watching Tate out of the corner of his eye. Suddenly, Will is becoming anxious once again and the presence of Tate feels threatening.

"You go to college?" Will forces himself to press further, trying to keep the appearance of a calm and cool exterior.

"No, I go to Westfield high," Tate responds, gauging Will's reaction to this news.

"You went to a lecture," Will points out, deciding his words carefully. "Are you interested in going to college?"

"I don't think I'm cut out for college," Tate sighs lightly, rising up out of his chair.

Will sets down his glass when Tate gets up and walks around behind him, seeming to take a moment to admire his home. Will sees this as a ruse to catch him off guard, but he has to stop and wonder why he's so on edge right now. Maybe somewhere deep in the back of his mind there is an answer hidden, but it's ultimately lost on the tip of his tongue.

Will sits perfectly still, listening to each step Tate takes and being conscious to remain relaxed. Will was just being crazy, over thinking every little detail and getting bent out of shape for no reason. He hoped that the whiskey would calm his nerves but that hadn't been the case. Will decided he needed another drink.

Without hesitating, Will got out of his seat and made his way to the bottle, pouring more of the dark amber liquid into his glass. He gulps it down without any pretense, keeping his back to Tate long enough to hear a soft shuffle of feet towards him. Will set his glass next to the bottle and focuses on his reflection in the window.

"You're a *very* intelligent man, Mr. Graham," Tate praises, connecting gazes with Will's reflection.

Will's eyes are wide from Tate's use of his last name. He'd only given him his first, so there was no way Tate could've known without prior knowledge of him. Will should be taking action right now but his body won't comply to the demands his brain is screaming.

"You were right, you know," Tate offers, stepping closer and tilting his head so Will could make out his reflection better. "I don't feel too powerful without that suit on and I do have a hard time expressing myself through conventional means."

Tate comes even closer, going so far as to press his body into Will's back so that his chest is flush against him. Will shudders visibly, gasping slightly when Tate wraps an arm around his torso and still, Will just stands there and lets it happen because he's too petrified to move. Tate's dark eyes are peering over his shoulder and his face has fallen forlornly.

"Which is why I must apologize for what I'm about to do to you," Tate expresses with heavy regret that subsides all too quickly.

Before Will can respond, or form a plan of defense for that matter, Tate stabs him in the neck with a hypodermic needle to inject him with god knows what. Will struggles then, grappling to get free from Tate's debilitating embrace. Tate pulls out the syringe, letting it drop to the floor so he can wrap his hand around Will's throat to keep him in place.

Will is kicking and fighting to stay upright but Tate isn't letting up, holding Will tightly in his arms until the protest leaves him completely. Will's body is becoming lax and he feels substantially heavier as he starts to sag in Tate's grip. Tate slowly sinks to the floor with Will, making sure that he doesn't fall and bust his head on anything.

Tate sits down on the floor, gazing down into Will's fluttering lashes as he cradles his head gently. Will is peering up at Tate with broken expression caught somewhere between betrayal and confusion. He tries to speak up, to reason with Tate, but his voice is robbed of him as the injection Tate gave him starts to take over. Tate is above him, lulling him into unconsciousness by shushing him softly and stroking his hair.

Tate caresses his face lovingly, being mindful not to drop his head back. Will's vision is getting foggy and the last thing he sees before passing out is the blonde boy beaming brightly down at him with such joy in his eyes.

"Go to sleep now, Mr. Graham," Tate whispers.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> This chapter finally reinforces the explicit rating (if it hadn't already before) so please be mindful of the tags!

Will was groggy and his head was spinning, throbbing with a vague memory of an incessant migraine. His world felt like wet, black ink, consuming him in a cold and depthless ocean of darkness that lied behind his eyelids. Will can barely move, or open his eyes for that matter, but he's still undoubtedly alive even when his body feels like it's suspended in mid-air, floating eons away from earth.

He musters up enough energy to fidget with his legs a little, writhing slightly against what he assumes is his bed. Each movement Will makes reveals something about his current predicament. Like the plush padding of his mattress, the tickle of sheets against his bare skin, or the rope tied securely around his wrists that are, in turn, tied to his bed posts above his head.

His hands flex by instinct and Will manages to test the bindings by yanking on them slightly and notices how they aren't budging. Just then, Will's eyes snap open with a sudden rush of adrenaline pumping through his veins, alerting him to the fact that he's in danger. His head swims when he tries to adjust his blurred sight to his surroundings, getting dizzy in the process.

Will attempts to struggle further, despite his body feeling weak and fatigued, and spares a look down the expanse of the rest of his body. The sight of his nude body lying pliantly against the mattress makes his eyes go wide with shock and he squirms. Will cranes his head so he can scope out the ropes around his wrists that keep him in place and pulls harder on them out of frustration.

Why was this happening? How did he get here? Will can hardly remember anything from before he passed out, but he remembers being stuck with a syringe. He can still feel the needle stabbing into the left side of his tender neck, recalling the sudden sharp pain it had caused before he lost consciousness. If Will thinks hard enough he can piece it together.

Whiskey, his dogs, a knock at the door, words, and then nothing... Just pitch black.

There are the sounds of footsteps filling the sterile atmosphere and they come in a fluid cadence before stopping altogether. A faint shuffle of feet and a slight rustling, then the cadence resumes until it draws nearer to Will with intent. Will squirms against his bed, anticipating the owner of the footsteps by keeping his eyes fixed on the general direction of the sound.

A young, blonde man emerges from the other room, completely bare with the exception of his underwear. He immediately lock eyes with Will and suddenly it all started to click. Whatever drug Will was injected with it was able to cause short term memory loss, but it couldn't erase the soul piercing, black gaze of the boy approaching him.

"You've been out for almost an hour," Tate informs, moving across the room to stand by Will's bedside. He looked down at him with a longing gaze. "It was only supposed to knock you out for twenty minutes but I wasn't sure how much whiskey you drank, so I might have made a little miscalculation in the doseage. But at least you're awake now. We can finally get started."

Will protests by kicking his legs restlessly and makes a broken whimpering noise that can't quite nestle it's way out of his throat. He pulls at the knots around his wrists to attempt some form of escape but it's ultimately redundant. Even if Will's body was responding properly he'd still have trouble breaking free. Tate sits down next to Will, shushing him and placing a hand on the man's chest to soothe him in a mock display of caring.

"I really don't know why you're even trying. It's not as if you'll get free," Tate admonishes, shaking his head with a look of such disappointment. "I made sure of that when I drugged you and tied you to the bed unconscious."

"Please..." Will whispers, barely comprehensible with his slurred speech. "Untie me, please..."

"That isn't how this is supposed to go, Mr. Graham," Tate tells him frankly, caressing the somewhat stretched muscles of Will's chest. "I have *very* specific plans for you before the night is over."

"You can stop right now, Tate," Will reasons, finding his voice so he can beg the young man to stop before it gets further out of control. "Just untie me and you can walk away and I won't tell anyone."

Tate seems to consider this briefly, looking off to the side as if the mull it around in his mind, and Will actually feels a small sliver of hope. Tate makes a face like he might actually concede with Will's offer, even shrugging slightly, but this hope is crushed by a harsh chuckle from the boy above him. Will's face falls significantly and he almost thinks he might sob in frustration.

"I'm sorry, Will, but I've already made up my mind on the matter," Tate rebukes, raising his hand up to cup the side of Will's face. Will flinches away from the contact, making Tate smirk. "And no matter how much you kick and beg and scream, there is nothing you can do to stop me from having my way with you."

Tate taps Will's cheek lightly as an endearment and gets up from the bed to walk over towards the backpack propped up against the farthest wall. Will watches as Tate squats down and rifles through it's contents, humming as if he isn't about to do something questionably horrible to Will. The blonde boy blurts out an *aha!*, obviously finding what he had been searching for before standing up and turning back towards Will.

He purposely holds the desired item behind his back to draw out suspense and quite possibly induce more fear within Will's already shaken form. Tate casually walks back over to the bed, relishing the sight of Will's body tied up and spread out just for *him*. Will visibly shows his discontent and can't help but twist against the ropes that essentially seal his fate.

"You know, I was seriously contemplating whether or not I should've brought a gag, considering what I intend to do to you," Tate ponders out loud. "But I figured, what the hell? It's not as if anyone will hear you, right? I guess it's fortunate for me that you're such a recluse."

Just then, Tate produces Will's hunting knife, making Will's eyes widen in fear and leaving him paralyzed.

"Although, it's rather *unfortunate* for you," Tate muses, pointing the knife at Will with an apathetic expression.

The blonde steps closer towards Will, climbing on the bed and making it dip with his added weight. He straddles Will's waist, giving Will a nice vantage point of Tate's body. Tate plants his knees firmly in the mattress to raise himself just over the man's groin. Tate brings the knife down to caress Will with it by dragging the sharp edge dangerously down the expanse of flinching abdominal muscles.

"Please don't kill me," Will nearly sobs, trying to worm away from the cold blade. Will doesn't know what else to say and there's only so many ways to beg. "I'll do *anything*..."

"I don't plan on killing you Mr. Graham," Tate justifies, almost sounding insulted by the mention of it. "And I'm already going to do whatever I want, so there's no point in begging."

Will barely has time to register this before Tate takes his hunting knife and presses the blade firmly against Will's left pectoral muscle just above his nipple. Tate does not hesitate to mark Will with a harsh drag of the sharpened side, drawing out a startled wail of pain from the bound man. His pupils are blown wide from the rush of fear and adrenaline it brings, mingling with a slight tinge of euphoria. Will is embarrassed to admit that it made him feel alive.

Tate watches, entranced, as the red slowly trickles out of the fresh wound, building up before gushing over to trail down his nipple. Tate braces a hand against the mattress and lowers his body over Will's bound one, lowering his mouth until it comes into contact with the hard, blood stained nub.

Will gasps when Tate flicks his tongue across the raised peak of flesh to lick away the coppery taste of crimson. He looks down only to find that Tate is already watching him as he licks, nibbles, and sucks enthusiastically on his nipple. Tate's eyes are heavy with desire, unblinking to notice Will's less than subtle facial twitches. He can see Will struggling to come to terms with how he feels about this so far.

Lips press against the coppery sweet skin, suckling slightly to make Will squirm with confused arousal. Tate huffs an exasperated laugh against the damp skin, mouthing lazily and

making noises as if it's the best thing in the world. It's as if Tate is mocking him with otherwise intimate displays of love.

He drags the flat of his tongue up past Will's nipple and probes at the irritated cut with the tip of his tongue. Will makes a hiss of pain, cursing under his breath at the dull stinging sensation Tate's saliva leaves behind. Tate laps at all the blood flowing from Will's wound until it slows down significantly. The blonde boy marvels at the diluted stains of swirling red that dance around Will's nipple.

Will is flushed a bright pink with his cheeks filling in with warmth and, much to his dismay, finds Tate placing the knife at his next desired location. Will notices the remnants of his blood on and around Tate's lips and shudders at the sight. Tate gives him a small yet bloody smile, licking his lips unconsciously to taste Will's blood.

Tate rakes the blade diagonally across his abdomen in one smooth stroke and Will can't suppress the scream that rips free from his throat, voice cracking just at the end. It's a thin slice, around four inches in length, but it still manages to make Will whine and hiss with discomfort. What makes it worse is that Will can see how hard Tate is from this alone and it makes his stomach drop.

Blood rushes towards the cut and Will has tears stinging the corners of his eyes when Tate drags his fingertips over it, smearing the sticky liquid. The wound throbs, producing more blood that Tate plays with and paints Will's body in bold strokes. Tate places his hand up to Will's mouth, coaxing him to open his mouth and lick up his own blood, but Will turns his head away with a grimace of torment.

Tate sets the knife down and grabs Will by the hair, keeping his head in place so he can wipe his bloody palm all over Will's face. Will squeezes his eyes shut in disgust and cringes when Tate tries to go even further by slipping his fingers inside Will's mouth. The bound man twists his body to try and overthrow Tate, but the blonde is persistent and proves this by picking up the knife to cut along Will's collarbone this time.

This seems to get Will's attention as his eyes light up and he lets out another pained wail of agony.

"If you don't suck on my fingers I'm going to fuck you dry. Is that what you want?" Tate scolds, letting Will's new cut bleed without any mending. Will doesn't reply. Tate yanks on his hair. "Is it?"

"Why are you doing this?" Will asks with a murmur instead, all bloody and pitiful.

He takes the hunting knife, twirling it in his hand before stabbing it into the nightstand. Tate cups Will's face and leans over him so that they're face to face with the hard line of his erection rubbing against Will's lower abdomen. The boy's face drops a little as he takes on a more serious expression.

"Because Dr. Lecter said you'd be worth it," Tate whispers, capturing Will's now bloody lips in a bruising kiss that contradicts all previous actions.

It's a statement that goes right over Will's head that he won't even realize Tate has mentioned Hannibal until later. Instead, Will does his best by refusing to reciprocate the kiss until Tate bites his lip, forcing a startled gasp from him and drawing even more blood. Tate seizes the opportunity and claims the inside of Will's mouth, grinding shamelessly against the pliant man.

There's a sweetness to the kiss but it isn't the kind that's usually associated with this act of passion. It tastes like blood mingled with adrenaline and Will can't decide if his body wants it or not. His mind screams for this to end but his body betrays him despite the obvious lack of participation. Tate forces his mouth open and his tongue to move as he dictates the direction of the kiss.

Will is making noises that are mistook as enthusiasm which prompts Tate to run a hand down Will's blood smeared body to fondle him. Will doesn't know what's more shameful, the fact that he's already half hard or that Tate is turning him on more. This causes Will to jerk his body, attempting to conceal his arousal, but of course it's already too late. Tate is pulling back, smirking down at Will with his bloody face.

"Fuck, you're gorgeous right now," Tate admires, grinding his clothed erection against Will's bare one.

And he does look gorgeous. Aroused and confused, drenched in his own blood. Will's arms are getting restless and he twists his wrists within the rope loops, keening like a bitch in heat for all the wrong reasons. He wishes Tate wouldn't use such endearments to disguise the fact that he's about to rape him. Or *as* he's raping him. Tate doesn't have the right to say beautiful things and, better yet, Will doesn't deserve to be called gorgeous.

Maybe this was a long time coming, Will thinks, despising the way his body's reacting. *Maybe I do deserve this.* Will is sure he owes someone the benefit of karma, but it's ultimately lost in translation when Tate clambers off of him to maneuver out of his underwear. Will spares a longing glance down his body just to see how bloody he is and he can't deny the dubious thrill it gives him to see red smeared and trickling.

Will shoots a look over at Tate to see his fully nude body flushed and ready to go. It's a force of habit Will can't particularly help and he hates himself for even stealing a peep of Tate's hard cock. Will feels sick to his core, scolding himself into jerking his head away when Tate catches him watching. Tate climbs onto the bed again, spreading Will's thighs wide.

"You're the *Rubber Man*, aren't you?" Will asks even though he already knows the answer. He's looking directly up at Tate who looms over him. "Why aren't you wearing the suit? Why am I any different from the others?"

"Because I love you," Tate proclaims, hypnotizing Will with his dark eyes.

People who love you don't sedate you, tie you up, and then proceed to mark your body with cuts that will eventually turn into scars. They don't force you into situations you have no say in. Will wants to scream this at the top of his lungs, he wants to fight, but Will doesn't seem to care what happens now, too disillusioned.

Tate rubs a hand over the gushing wound across Will's collarbone, collecting up enough blood so he can coat his cock with it. He thrusts two fingers into Will, mostly just to hear the man gasp breathlessly and watch him wince with discomfort. He does this a few times, though sloppy, before lining his cock up to Will's unprepared hole.

The blonde boy bends down and bites viciously into Will's exposed neck to somewhat distract him from the rough invasion. Will almost instantly screams at the top of his lungs as Tate pushes all the way inside him on the first try. He can feel his body tearing as a warmth pools around his throbbing entrance. Will's eyes are blown wide and this time he actually *cries* from the pain of being taken without thorough preparation.

Tate groans into Will's neck, cursing under his breath at how tight Will feels around his cock. Quite possibly a combination of Will clenching out of pain as well as the lack of lubrication. He pulls out of Will before he can properly adjust and thrusts back in, seemingly indifferent of the fact that Will is in agony. Maybe Tate feels a small tinge guilt, but it undoubtedly subsides as Will whimpers and sobs through the whole ordeal, giving off the most beautiful and strangled noises that are music to Tate's ears.

Will stares blankly up at the ceiling, inching up his bed with each thrust as Tate asserts his dominance and love over him. He can hear paws scratching at his bedroom door but blocks their worried whimpers out. He barely notices it when Tate continues to suck bruises all over his crimson stained skin and Will doesn't even flinch as Tate wraps his hands around his neck, squeezing to the point where Will almost loses consciousness. His body is numb and his mind is miles away as Tate drives his cock jaggedly into Will's abused body.

All Will can think is, is that he deserves this somehow.

~~*~*~*

Hannibal is on his way out of his office when his phone rings with an urgency. This makes the *good* doctor smirk even as he walks back over towards his desk to pick up the phone and hold it up to his ear, recognizing the caller immediately.

"Hello?" Hannibal inquires.

"Dr. Lecter..." Will mumbles in a hoarse tone. "Please..."

It's all he says and it's all he has to say before Hannibal is rushing out of his office and all the way to Wolf Trap.

The front door is unlocked when Hannibal arrives and all the dogs are asleep by now but he still takes light steps towards Will's bedroom. He creeks open the door to see the sheets of Will's bed ripped from the mattress and discarded onto the floor. Hannibal instantly sees the faint stains of red against the pure white. He looks over at the bed to see Will curled into the fetal position, staring blankly at the wall.

Hannibal walks over to him, noticing all the blood and bruises adorning Will's otherwise beautiful nude frame. Surprisingly, Hannibal feels nothing at the tormented sight of the young man with the exception of envy that courses through his veins at the thought of Tate marking

territory that is rightfully Hannibal's. The older man sits down on the mattress next to Will, admiring Tate's handiwork despite his hang ups about the kid.

"He said your name," Will says after a long moment, recalling the moment Tate had mentioned Hannibal by name and title. "Do you know a boy named Tate, Dr. Lecter?"

"Yes, Tate Langdon is a patient of mine," Hannibal admits with ease, sparing Will the insult of denying it.

"He's the one Jack's been after," Will follows up, blinking tears from his eyes and curling in on himself further. "Did you know that? Did you know he was going to do this to me?"

"I knew Tate was infatuated with you, yes, but I didn't think he would take it as far as he did. I encouraged him to pursue you as a form of therapy, but I wasn't aware that he was the *Rubber Man*," Hannibal recites, being sure to sound genuine. To be fair, he really hadn't known Tate was a murderer. He places a hand on Will's arm as an act of compassion. "I'm so sorry, Will."

Will just laughs harshly, a sickly mimic of true joy that is twisted into a gut-wrenching sob. Will looks so pathetic curled in his little ball, naked and abused on his bare mattress, calling out like a wounded animal. Hannibal stands up and disappears into Will's bathroom, turning on the bath to let it fill up before going back to Will to cup his hands underneath Will's trembling body to scoop him up in his strong arms.

Without question or hesitation, Will throws his arms around Hannibal shoulders and clings to the older man, trusting him unconditionally despite the iffy explanation. Will's too tired to question or argue, body sore from abuse and voice hoarse from screaming. Hannibal's broad chest and warm embrace is all Will is thinking about.

Hannibal gently lowers Will into the warm water that slowly rises around his weak form, lulling him into a state of momentary tranquility. Hannibal turns off the water and kneels down next to the tub. He gets a washcloth to slowly wipe the dried blood from Will's body, being mindful of the cuts. Will doesn't make a peep as Hannibal washes him off with such care and grace.

Soon the water is tinted a diluted shade of pink and Will is reclining back to let the warmth just consume him. Hannibal is getting an eyeful of Will's beautifully damaged physique as the water magnifies it. Hannibal spies the three cuts over his abdomen, left pectoral muscle, and his collarbone, humming to the idea of dressing Will's wounds.

Hannibal also takes note of the various bruises all over Will's collarbone as well as his neck. Some depict vicious teeth marks while others resemble fingertips with nails biting into tender skin. Hannibal can just imagine doing that to Will himself but he would be slow and gentle, bringing just enough pleasure to cancel out the pain.

He brings his gaze back up to Will's erased but scheming face, curious to what might be going on in that intelligent head of his. Hannibal reaches a hand out to caress Will's rosy cheek, drifting off course in a brief intermission to brush a stray curl out of Will's face. The

vengeful look in Will's stormy eyes begins to take a toll on Hannibal's conscience, if he still has one, that is. Hannibal is about to pry but Will beats him to the punch.

"He made me finish. He told me to touch myself until I came and I actually got off on him violating me. I even enjoyed it when he finished inside me. I can still feel him," Will whispers, looking disgusted with himself and on the verge of tears again. "What's wrong with me?"

"Nothing is wrong with you, Will," Hannibal reassures immediately, holding Will's face in his agile hands. "You have no control over how your body reacts to certain stimulus."

"What about my *mind* reacting to certain stimulus, Dr. Lecter?" Will proposes, leaving Hannibal at a brief loss for advice. "How do I account for that?"

Will looks like a man whose made up his mind and Hannibal marvels at Will's ability to retain new and old character traits after a traumatic event. The faint spark of fire in Will's eyes look promising and Hannibal can't resist indulging the young man by asking him what he was thinking.

"You aren't asking the right question, Will. It isn't about *how* you account for it, but *what* you intend to do about it," Hannibal tells him, giving Will an ultimatum as he manipulates his words. "My question is, what do you *want* to do?"

"I want to you find him and bring him to me," Will proclaims, biting out his words through clenched teeth as he smiles maniacally.

"And what will you do when I find him?" Hannibal inquires, wanting to hear the rest of the symphony Will is creating.

Hannibal is smirking with approval, proud of the perfect shape he has molded Will Graham into. If Will wasn't sore and in a weakened state right now, Hannibal would take him to his home and fuck him against silken covers and messy sheets. But Hannibal can wait. Besides, he's more interested to hear what Will has planned for Tate. Will just simply grins and leans towards Hannibal so he can whisper his reply mere inches away from the older man.

"I'm going to make him *suffer*."

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